Star and Crescent
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/88719086.

Rating:
Mature

Archive Warning:
Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Categories:
F/F, F/M

Fandoms:
ウマ娘 プリティーダービー | Uma Musume: Pretty Derby (Video Game), ウマ娘 プリティーダービー | Uma Musume: Pretty Derby (Anime), ウマ娘 | Uma Musume - All Media Types

Relationship:
Admire Vega/Trainer (Uma Musume)

Characters:
Admire Vega (Uma Musume), Trainer (Uma Musume), Reader

Additional Tags:
Self-Harm, Mental Breakdown, Implied/Referenced Character Death, Survivor Guilt, Mental Health Issues, Hurt No Comfort, Emotionally Repressed, Horse Sized Horse Girl, Size Difference, Animal Traits, Gender-Neutral Reader-Insert, Assault, Choking, Near Death Experiences, putting ayabe in the pear wiggler

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2026-07-17 Words: 3,913 Chapters: 1/1

Star and Crescent

by Bordementions

Summary

Checking up on your trainees mental health will have ZERO adverse consequences

Notes

I'd say I feel bad in like almost any regard cause this is a little fucked up but Ayabe deserves it so I will never apologize. She's gotta learn that life isn't all sunshine and rainbows smh my ass

But yeah wiggling ayabe again cause I am a bad person but she's worse so I have to hurt her bad

Just got the idea to follow up on my one ayabe draft cause APPARENTLY the last one was soooooooo good (you people are freaks)

No sexual content in this one just pure fucking hatred and misery while I make the trainer just a terrible awful immoral human being for like technically a good reason but I want them both to be awful so it's whatever

"Im the reader I would never do that" I DONT CARRREEEEEEEE let me handle it I'll treat ayabe good I promise maybe probably definitely kinda sorta it's up to interpretation really

Thanks hope you enjoy more ayabe angst

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

The quick, near frantic clicking of the pen in your hand was the only sound keeping the silence in your office from turning all consuming.

You tapped a stack of papers against the edge of your desk, aligning the edges with unnecessary, obsessive precision. You didn't actually need to organize them—you had sorted these files three times already in the last hour. But your hands needed something to do. There was a tight, persistent knot of tension sitting right between your shoulder blades, a familiar physical reaction to the waiting.

You had called Ayabe to your office for a routine check-up. A casual, mid-week counseling session, one that you did every so often. That was the official reason, the paper trail. The real reason was something that neither of you ever liked to think about, nevertheless actually discuss

So this time you had simply told her it was about something else, that you knew she had been sneaking onto the track long after curfew. You had seen the muddy heel-prints on the turf this morning, and the security logs from the south gate showed someone passing through at three in the morning. She was running herself into the dirt again, burning her own candle from both ends, and you were just wanted to make sure everything was okay.

The wooden door of your office suddenly opening up without any warning, however whoever was on the other side was in no hurry.

You looked up, your breath catching slightly.

Ayabe stood in the doorway.

She looked exhausted.

Your eyes immediately dropped to her attire. Every student at Tracen was required to be in their standard school uniform during these hours, but Ayabe stood there clad in her red and white tracksuit. The fabric of her sweatpants was slightly damp near the cuffs, and the collar of her jacket was zipped all the way up to her chin, as if she were trying to climb inside it and disappear.

Her hair, usually tied so neatly, had a few stray, damp strands clinging to her temples. Her eyes flickered to yours for a fraction of a second before anchoring themselves firmly to a spot on the floor just past your shoes.

"You're late, Ayabe," you said, keeping your voice deliberately soft, free of accusation. "But I'm glad you made it. Come in, close the door. Have a seat."

She didn't move for a long moment, her tail giving a single, sharp twitch behind her. Finally, she stepped inside, closing the door behind her with a loud click. She didn't take the chair in front of your desk. Instead, she held her hands behind her, leaning her back against the wall adjacent to the door, maintaining as much distance between the two of you as the room would physically allow.

"I don't need to sit," she said. Her voice was flat, a low, quiet drone that lacked any trace of warmth. "This won't take long. Or at least, it shouldn't."

You swallowed down a sigh, resting your hands flat on the desk to keep from fidgeting. "It takes as long as it takes. I just wanted to check in. I noticed you weren't wearing the standard uniform. Did you come straight from the tracks?"

"No."

"The grass stains on your sneakers suggest otherwise."

Ayabe's left ear twitched under its star-patterned cover. She didn't look up. "I tripped on the way here. If that's all you wanted to ask, I'd like to leave."

The bluntness of her lie was almost impressive, but it grated on your nerves. You took a slow, deep breath, reminding yourself of the fragile glass wall you were trying to navigate. If you pushed too hard, she would simply stop showing up entirely, rules be damned.

"I'm not trying to cross-examine you," you said, leaning back in your chair and trying to project a relaxed, casual posture you didn't actually feel. "I actually wanted to ask how you were feeling after Monday's races. Your cornering was incredible, you've been doing a lot better lately. I was thinking we could adjust your stride slightly to save some energy for the final straight. What do you think?"

"It was fine."

"Just fine?" you pressed, offering a small, encouraging smile. "You shaved half a second off your personal best on that turf. Most racers would be celebrating."

"It wasn't enough," she murmured, her voice barely louder than a whisper. She shifted her weight, her arms tightening behind her back. "It's never enough. The timing was sloppy. If I run like that in the next race, it won't be good enough. I need to be faster."

"Ayabe, you're already pushing the upper limits of what's physically safe for your muscle recovery," you said, the tension in your shoulders creeping into your tone despite your best efforts. "I looked at the heart rate monitor data you synced yesterday. Your resting heart rate during your'cool-downs is still dangerously high. You aren't resting."

"I rest when I sleep."

"And when is that, exactly?" You leaned forward, placing your elbows on the desk, looking directly at her. "Because someone reported a student pacing the back-stretch at three in the morning. Again."

A heavy, tense silence descended upon the room. Ayabe's eyes finally flickered up to meet yours. There was no anger in them—just a cold, impenetrable wall of forced indifference, shielding a well of exhaustion so deep it made your head ache.

"I was stargazing," she said, her voice dropping an octave, completely steady, completely unyielding. "I just find it easier to think out there."

"With your running shoes on?"

"My feet get cold."

The sheer absurdity of the excuse, delivered with such stoic gravity, made a hot spark of irritation flare up in your chest. You stood up from your desk, the sheer difference in height immediately apparent as you stood before her, but you didn't back down. You stepped around the desk, stopping a respectful few feet away.

"Ayabe, please," you said, your voice dropping to a low, earnest plea. "I'm your trainer. I scouted you because I believe in what you can do on that track, but I can't do my job if you're actively trying to destroy your own body. I'm trying to help you."

"I didn't ask for your help," she snapped, her stoic facade cracking for just a split second, revealing a raw, defensive edge underneath. She gripped her own elbows so tightly her knuckles turned white. "I told you when I signed the contract. I don't need a guardian. I don't need a friend. I need a trainer to register my entries into the Twinkle Series. That is the extent of what we are."

She turned her head away, staring blankly at the framed poster of Tracen Academy on your wall.

"All this effort you're wasting on me... trying to make me comfortable, trying to make me 'healthy'..." She let out a short, humorless breath that sounded like a choked sigh. "You're wasting your time. There's another Umamusume who deserved all of this. Not me. I am just... the one who is left. If you want to train a star, go find someone else. Otherwise, just give me my schedule so I can go."

You looked at her for a long, quiet moment. The raw honesty of her self-hatred was suffocatingly apparent. You knew that if you kept pushing her on her sister, or her self-destructive habits, she would bolt. She'd lock herself away in her dorm, and the next time you'd see her would be another set of muddy tracks in the hallway.

"I'm not looking for another star, Ayabe," you said softly. "I'm looking at you."

You stepped back, returning to your side of the desk, and gestured to the empty chair in front of it. "Just sit down. Please. Five minutes, and then I'll let you go. But you need to sit."

She didn't move. Her eyes locked onto yours, scanning your face for any sign of a trick, any hidden agenda. For a second, you thought she was going to refuse and walk out. But with a slow, begrudging sigh that sounded like you had done something awful just now, she shuffled forward.

Her tall frame moved with a heavy, deliberate slowness as she sank into the chair. Even seated, she was tall, but she curled her shoulders inward, trying to make herself as small as possible. She kept her hands buried deep in the pockets of her tracksuit, her tail wrapped tightly around the leg of the chair.

"Fine," she muttered, staring at the polished surface of your desk. "Five minutes."

You sat down opposite her, intentionally softening your posture. "Thank you. Let's... let's just step back from the training for a second. How are you doing, Ayabe? Honestly. How have you been sleeping? How was your day before you came here?"

Ayabe's ear twitched, but she didn't look up. "It was fine."

"Did you get to eat lunch? The dorm manager mentioned she brought

some of those sweet potato tarts you usually don't mind."

"I wasn't hungry."

"You need to eat, especially with how much you're burning on the track," you said, keeping your voice gentle. "What about your classes? Is the history lecture still as boring as you said it was last week?"

Silence.

She didn't even give a shrug this time. Her eyes stayed fixed on a tiny knot in the wood of your desk. Her tail gave a slow, anxious flick behind her, but otherwise, she was completely motionless.

"Ayabe?" you tried again, leaning forward slightly. "You can talk to me. It doesn't have to be about racing. Just... anything."

Nothing.

The silence was all that was present, heavy and stubborn. Her jaw was set, her lips pressed into a thin, tight line. She was building the wall back up, brick by brick, right in front of you. She had checked out, retreating deep inside her own mind where she felt safe, where she could nurse her guilt without interruption.

You stared at her for a few more seconds before letting out a slow, defeated sigh. "Alright. We don't have to talk about your day."

You adjusted your posture, the softness fading from your expression, replaced by a grim, heavy seriousness. The knot of tension in your shoulders tightened. This was the real reason you had called her here. Not for a schedule, and not just to badger her about her sleep.

"Pull up your sleeves, Ayabe."

The shift in the room was instantaneous.

Ayabe’s entire body stiffened. Her ears went completely flat against her head, and her hands clenched inside her tracksuit pockets, the fabric straining against her fists. She didn't look at you, but her breathing grew just a fraction shallower.

"I need you to pull up your sleeves," you repeated, your voice firm, though it pained you to use that tone with her. "Both of them. Just let me see your arms so I can—"

"No." The word was barely a whisper, flat and defensive.

"Ayabe, we've talked about this. Part of my responsibility as your trainer is making sure you are physically fit and safe. I need to see."

"I said no." Her voice was trembling slightly now, an all too common, terrifying crack in her armor. She looked away, staring intensely at the corner of the room. The guilt was written plain across her face—the subtle flush on her cheeks, the way she refused to make even a shred of eye contact, the tight, defensive curl of her entire body.

"I'm not trying to punish you," you said, keeping your voice as polite as possible, trying to treat it like a routine medical check-up to ease her anxiety. "But we both know you've been under an immense amount of stress lately. If you're hurting yourself again, we need to address it. I just want to make sure the cuts are clean, that they aren't infected, and that you're safe. Please. Just let me look."

"Stop it." She hissed the words, her tail lashing sharply against the floorboards.

"Ayabe, please, just cooperate with me—"

"I said stop!"

She snapped, her eyes flashing with a sudden, wild anger as she glared directly at you. She slammed her hands down on the desk—not enough to break it, but the sheer force made some of the papers flutter around.

"Why do you keep doing this?!" she yelled, her voice raw, cracking with a cocktail of anger, frustration, and deep-seated shame. "Why can't you just leave me alone?! I don't want you looking at me! I don't want you caring about me! It's my body, it's my life, and it's my burden! Just let me deal with it!"

The sudden outburst echoed off the walls of the room, leaving a ringing silence in its wake.

Almost immediately, the anger drained out of her, replaced by a sudden, hollow exhaustion. Ayabe seemed to shrink, pulling her hands back and curling tightly into herself. She pulled her knees up slightly toward her chest, burying her face into the collar of her jacket, trying to shut you out entirely. Her ears remained flat, and she shook silently, refusing to look at you, refusing to say another word.

The sudden wall of silence she was trying to build again was the final straw.

The coiling tension inside you snapped. You stood up, the legs of your chair scraping harshly against the floorboards. You didn't care about being patient anymore; you didn't care about being the gentle, accommodating trainer who walked on eggshells around her fragile boundaries. Her self-destruction was going to ruin her, and you were done watching it happen in slow motion.

You rounded the desk in three sharp strides, your shadow falling over her. Before she could even register your movement, you reached down and grabbed her right forearm.

"Let go—" she started, her voice a sharp, defensive gasp.

You ignored her, your grip firm and unyielding as you yanked the fabric of her sleeve upward.

The look on your face instantly replaced by a wave of cold, sick fury.

Her forearm was a map of fresh cuts. Long, jagged, angry red lines sliced across the pale skin of her wrists and inner arm, some of them so deep the edges of the skin were still puffy and raw. They were incredibly recent—some looked barely a day old, the dried scabs cracking under the sudden tension of her pulled sleeve.

"What is this, Ayabe?" your voice was dangerously low, a mixture between raw frustration and sheer anger. "We talked about this. We spent hours in this room talking about why you had to stop. And you go and do this?"

With a sudden, violent wrench of her whole body, Ayabe snatched her arm back out of your grip. She bolted slightly upright in the chair, her chest heaving, her eyes wide and wild with a mixture of shock, betrayal, and deep, defensive anger.

"Don't touch me!" she yelled, her voice cracking as she pulled her sleeve back down, clutching her arm to her chest as if she could remove the damage from your memory. "Don't you ever touch me! I told you to leave it alone! It has nothing to do with you!"

"It has everything to do with me!" you roared back, finally letting your composure shatter completely. You didn't care about her outburst, and you didn't care about her yelling. You leaned in close, forcing her to look at you. "Look at yourself! You are tearing your own body to pieces, and you expect me to just sit across this desk, sign your race slips, and pretend like everything is fine?"

She bit her lower lip so hard it turned white, her eyes flashing with a desperate, cornered anger. "I can still run! It doesn't affect my legs! I will still win tomorrow—"

"This isn't just about tomorrow's race, Ayabe! Look at the bigger picture!" You slammed your hand down on the edge of the desk behind you, the crack of wood echoing like a gunshot. "Both of our careers are on the line here! Do you have any idea what happens if the academy board finds out about this? Do you know what happens to me? I am your trainer. I am legally and professionally responsible for your safety and well-being!"

You took a sharp breath, your voice shaking with the weight of the reality she was refusing to face.

"If they see those cuts, they won't just suspend you from the Twinkle Series—they will kick you out of Tracen Academy entirely. And my license? Gone. My career? Over. I risked everything to scout you, to back you up when everyone else said you were too unstable to handle. And you're throwing it all away because you'd rather do this shit than let someone help you!"

"You don't know anything!" Ayabe screamed back, her voice cracking under the volume, her bodypractically shaking the chair beneath her. She glared up at you, her eyes wide, brimming with tears she refused to let fall. "You just sit there at your desk, looking at charts and numbers, and you think you understand! You don't know what it's like! You don't hear her! You don't feel her holding onto me, reminding me of what I took from her!"

"You're acting insane, Ayabe!" you yelled back, completely beyond the point of trying to spare her feelings. The frustration of watching her slowly kill herself boiled over. "You are mutilating your own body, destroying your career, and tearing yourself apart over someone who isn't even real!"

"Shut up! Shut up!" she shrieked, her hands flying to her ears, her tail lashing so violently it struck the legs of the desk. "Don't you dare say that! She is real! She's right here!"

"She is dead, Ayabe!" you roared, doubling down, pushing past her defenses with a brutal, ugly honesty. "Your sister died in the womb! She never drew a single breath, she never took a step, and she is gone! If you want to keep racing, if you want to actually live, you have to let her go and move on!"

Something in Ayabe snapped.

The stoic, melancholy girl vanished, replaced by a towering, terrifying force of raw, unchecked grief and instinct. With a guttural, animalistic cry, she bolted upright from her chair. Her height loomed over you instantly. She didn't just step forward—she lunged, her face inches from yours, her expression twisted into a mask of pure, unadulterated rage.

"You have no right!" she screamed, her voice a deafening screech. "You have no right to talk about her! You don't say anything about her! You don't know anything!"

Before you could even raise your hands, she struck out. Her hand came down hard, a heavy, frantic slap that clipped the side of your jaw, sending a blinding flash of white pain through your head. She wasn't holding back her strength; she was reacting entirely on emotion, desperate to silence the truth you had just thrown in her face.

She clawed at you, her fingers grabbing violently at your collar and your face, trying to force your mouth shut, trying to tear you away from the memory she guarded so fiercely.

"Shut up! Stop talking! Stop it!" she wailed, her grip on your shirt tightening as she shoved you backward.

The back of your knees hit the edge of your desk. Cornered, and with pain throbbing in your jaw, your own survival instincts kicked in. "Ayabe, get off me!" you shouted.

As her hand clawed toward your face again, you raised your arms in a desperate cross-guard, pushing her wrist away. Using the momentum, you drove your fist forward, landing a hard, heavy blow right against the side of her shoulder and jaw.

The impact jarred your knuckles, but it was enough to break her grip. Ayabe stumbled back a step, her eyes widening in shock as the physical blow cut through her hysterical blind rage.

The moment of shocked stillness shattered in a heartbeat.

Before you could recover your footing, Ayabe came forward again. There was no hesitation this time, only a desperate, anger fueled by adrenaline. Her hands clamped onto your shoulders like steel, driving you backward.

You hit the edge of the desk again, it bit painfully into your lower back as she slammed you down over it. Papers scattered like dry leaves, and the desk lamp went crashing to the floor, leaving the office bathed in a tense, shadowed dimness.

"Get off me!" you choked out, your hands desperately clawing at her wrists, trying to pry her off. "You fucking freak! Let me go!"

She didn't hear you. Her eyes were wide, blown out, and entirely empty of reason—drowned in a sea of hysteria. She shifted her weight, pinning your torso down with her sheer bulk. Her sleeves had ridden up to her elbows during the struggle, fully exposing her pale, ravaged forearms. The fresh, deep cuts were stark against her skin, some of them starting to bleed anew under the strain of her tensed muscles.

She brought both of her hands up, locking her fingers tightly around your throat.

Then, she squeezed.

The air was cut off instantly. A sickening, hot pressure rushed to your head, and your vision immediately began to blur at the edges. You gasped, but no air came. Desperation clawed at your chest. You thrashed violently, kicking your legs, trying to drive your knee into her midsection, but she barely even flinched. You grabbed her wrists, digging your fingernails into the fresh wounds on her arms, hoping the pain would make her let go.

It did nothing. Ayabe leaned her full, crushing weight into her grip, her face twisted in a silent, agonized mask.

"Stop..." you tried to croak out, but the word died in your constricted throat.

Your chest burned. A high-pitched ringing filled your ears, drowning out the sound of your own frantic, useless struggles. Your hands began to lose their grip on her arms, your strength rapidly draining as your brain starved of oxygen. Dark spots bloomed across your vision, growing larger and larger, threatening to pull you under into complete unconsciousness. You were going to die here, on your own desk, choked to death by your own trainee.

And then, just as your limbs went entirely limp, the pressure vanished.

Ayabe suddenly gasped. Her eyes focused, staring down at your pale,

suffocating face, and a look of sheer, unadulterated horror washed over her. She looked at her own hands, then at the deep purple bruises already forming on your neck.

Fear—pure, raw, and paralyzing—replaced her rage.

"No..." she whispered, her voice trembling violently. "No, no, no..."

She stumbled backward, releasing you completely. You collapsed sideways onto the cluttered desk, drawing in a massive, ragged, agonizing gulp of air. You coughed violently, your hands clutching your throat as your chest heaved, your vision slowly, painfully beginning to clear.

Through the tears in your eyes, you looked up. Ayabe was backing toward the door, clutching her head, her chest heaving in rapid, panicked breaths. She looked completely broken, her eyes wide with the realization of what she had almost done.

With a choked, strangled sob, she turned, threw the office door open, and ran out into the hallway, her heavy footsteps echoing away until there was nothing left but the sound of your own ragged, painful breathing in the wrecked office.

End Notes

Pears: Wiggled

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!